HYMNS,

INTENDED FOR PUBLIC OR PRIVATE WORSHIP

Composed

BY JOHN WELLS,

Soldier in the First Regt. of Guards,

And Sunday Evening Preacher at the late Rev. Mr. Smith's Chapel, Bethnal Green Road, near the Turnpike Gate, where they may be had, by applying at the Vestry.

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praises to my God while I have my being."

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by Mr. Button, No. 24, Mr. Jones, No. 1, and Mr. Hamilton, No. 37, Paternoster Row; and Mr. Kirby, Oxford Road.

PRICE NINE-PENCE.

Theodore Page, Printer, Black Friars Road.

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER.

I do not send this Hymn Book into the World, with a hope by it to gain applause, for I am sensible of my own inability, and unworthiness; but as I know, that some of these Hymns have been made nseful to some sensible sinners heretofore, I hope and pray, that what is according to the will of Heaven, will be made a blessing to those that may peruse them: and if the judicious Reader should see any thing that is not correct, I hope he will not cast any reflection upon the Work, as the Author never had any education, but what he has gained by reading and studying since he has been in the Army. But as the Lord has seen good to change my heart, and give me to know the things that make for my everlasting peace, I therefore out of love to Christ, and with a hope to do good, have complied with the will of my friends, and sent it into the world; and may the Lord add his blessing, which is the prayer of your's, in Christ,

JOHN WELLS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HYMNS

&c. &c.

HYMN I.

The Mourner's Plea.

O, JESUS look upon us now,
And do thou now the Heaven's bow,
And wash us in thy blood:
And may we see thy sov'reign pow'r,
And know thou saves us in this hour,
By bringing us to God.

Thou didst decree before all time,
For to receive poor souls like mine,
Who can do nothing good:
And now we hope thou wilt make known,
That thou did for our sin atone
By bringing us to God.

Helpless and poor we come to thee,
With all our guilt and misery,
And begging thee to bless;
By taking all our sin away,
And giving us in this our day,
For to show forth thy praise.

Let sin no more our hearts divide;
May we indeed be crucified
With Jesus Christ, our friend;
And through thy grace we'll loudly sing,
All power belongs to Christ our King,
Who keeps us to the end.

HYMN II.

Christ's coming to the Heart.

THINGS seem at times to move against
The servants of the Lord;
But Christ has said, behold I come,
With me is my reward.

The day of vengeance now is come,
I will subdue thy foes,
For you I died a cursed death,
And for you I arose.

And will he let his purchas'd go,
Because the Devil strives;
No, he'll subdue their every foe,
And keep his saints alive.

Just in his righteousness they stand,
Before a holy God;
And if they should his paths forsake,
They then must feel the rod.

While in this world do thou preserve,
My soul from ev'ry foe;
Dear Lord do thou our souls uphold,
Or we shall from thee go.

HYMN III.

Phil. iii. 12.

AWAKE our souls, dear Lord,
And help us to go on;
And may we now the road pursue,
For an immortal crown.

May we not be content
In what we have attain'd;
But may we now forget those things
We've pass'd upon the plain.

O, may we ever thirst
For all thy blessed mind,
Who died our souls for to redeem,
And ever will prove kind.

Forward may we all move,
Up to thy courts above,
Where we shall praise thy sov'reign grace,
And sing of dying love.

HYMN IV.

The dreadful State of Man.

HOW awful is the state
Of those who are unchang'd;
For Heaven frowns, and Hell gapes wide,
And yet he loves his chains,

Ye will not, will not come,
Our Saviour he has said;
But for your master ye will fight,
And by him will be led.

Nothing but grace divine
The sinner's heart can move;
And if he should his life reform,
We know that he can love.

Though reformation's good,
And what we ever prize;
Yet we would guard poor souls while here,
From refuges of lies.

Help us to sing free grace,
In spite of ev'ry foe;
And do thou own thy word, dear Lord,
And save poor souls from woe.

HYMN V.

UNCLEAN, O Lord, I am,
Guilt sinks my spirits down;
The waters beat upon my soul,
And Jesus seems to frown.

When first Jehovah spoke,
My soul was fill'd with fear;
And Satan did me much oppose,
To bring me in despair.

It is too late, he said,
God will not you regard;
Your tears and pray'rs are of no use,
You never can be heard.

But Jesus prov'd to me,
That all this came from Hell;
For he in love did change my heart,
And gave me for to tell,

That he would save poor souls,
That come just as they are;
For he can pardon all their sins,
And save them from despair.

HYMN VI.

MAKE known, ye saints, the pow'r of Christ,
How he his grace imparts;
For he will sprinkle his dear blood,
And cleanse our sinful hearts.

Where Christ begins the work of grace,
He will the same compleat;
For he will bring the crowning stone,
Crying grace, grace, unto it.

The souls converted by his grace,
Shall soon in glory shine;
Without the aid of human wit,
Because the work's divine.

Let unbelievers scoff, and rail,
Who fear not Earth nor Hell;
And if they should cast out your names,
Rejoice, for all is well.

HYMN VII.

The Penitent.

THOU seest all my grief, and pain,
My sin, and misery;
And when I pass this vale of tears,
O, Lord, remember me.

My heart is hard, my soul's unclean,
I am not fit for thee;
But as for sinners thou didst die,
Dear Lord, remember me.

I justly suffer for my crimes,
I could not be set free;
But as I am undone by sin,
Dear Lord, remember me.

Direct a sinful mourner, Lord,
To Calv'ry's bleeding tree;
And though I do deserve to die,
Dear Lord, remember me.

HYMN VIII.

THY name, great God, is all my trust,
Help me to look to thee;
And now I am prostrate in dust,
Do thou, remember me.

If I should sink in black despair,
What profit will it be;
But as thou died a cursed death,
Dear Lord, remember me.

Hast thou not promised to bless
All them that come to thee;
And as by grace I'm brought to cry,
In love, remember me.

I now acknowledge all my crimes,
My wretchedness I see;
And, Saviour, with my dying breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

HYMN IX.

FRET not thyself, poor penitent,
Only rely on me;
And as I reign over all worlds,
I will remember thee.

I cloth'd myself with flesh and blood,
I suffer'd death for thee;
I'll give thee pow'r for to believe,
I have remember'd thee.

E'er long to glory thou shalt come,
For thou art now set free;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Thou wilt remember me.

My Lord has spoke, I can believe,
That he has pardon'd me;
And I can say, whilst here below,
He has remember'd me.

And rise I shall, in spite of Hell,
How e'er depress'd I be;
For Jesus Christ, my bleeding Lord,
He has remember'd me.

I now shall rise, though much oppos'd,
How e'er depress'd I be;
For God gives grace, and glory too,
Through him that died for me.

HYMN X.

WHAT sinful thoughts, and passions, Lord,
Attend this mortal frame;
How oft they draw my heart astray,
And fill my soul with pain.

Whene'er I go astray from thee,
Do thou my soul reclaim;
And may I mourn my follies past,
And feel a holy shame.

Bless thou the Lord, whose grace alone
Has cancell'd every sin;
And has united me to Christ,
Whose Spirit reigns within.

Help me to fight the fight of faith,
While I on earth remain;
And may I view that moment near,
When death shall lose its chain.

And when cold death shall close my eyes,
And I from flesh am free;
Then I shall mount above the skies,
And sing eternally.

In that bright world I then shall dwell,
'Till Christ, my judge, shall come;
And call my body from the tomb,
And then he'll take me home.

HYMN XI.

HOW weak and vain's the thoughts of men,
Who love on earth to dwell;
They look with pleasure on their lands,
And say, all things are well.

But it's not so with that bless'd man,
Who does his Saviour know;
For now he's in his Saviour's hands,
And he is sav'd from woe.

He's happy now that's join'd to Christ,
For nothing can him shock;
Yea, if this earth should now remove,
He's safe upon the rock.

He's nought to fear from death nor Hell,
Though all against him rise;
For he is kept, and stand he shall,
By him that form'd the skies.

We long to see that blissful place,
That was for us design'd;
Where we shall meet with all our friends,
And none be left behind.

Then we before thy throne will bow,
And sing of sov'reign grace;
And with Archangels we will join,
For to set forth thy praise.

HYMN XII.

Watch Word of the Saint.

THY righteousness can justify,
Help me the same to tell.
And all th' elect thou wilt e'er save,
And all things shall be well.

Thy promise stands, and ever shall,
In spite of Earth, or Hell;
For thou art Sov'reign of all worlds,
And rulest all things well.

Thy saints admire a holy life,
And ever, ever will;
And thy bless'd law they do regard,
Therefore all things are well.

It is the pleasure of our King,
His servants all should tell;
To those that do believe in Christ,
All things shall soon be well.

Yea, when cold death shall lay them low,
And friends in sorrow tell;
They've paid the debt we all must pay,
And now they know it's well.

Yea, when this world shall be in flames,
And sinners doom'd to Hell;
Then we will sing for evermore,
All things, all things, are well.

HYMN XIII.

1 *Peter iv.* 18.

AND if the righteous scarcely be
Brought to the realms above;
Where shall those sinners then appear,
That die without thy love.

But you who are not like to God,
Dream not that all is well;
For if you die unchang'd by grace,
You then must sink to Hell.

Convince us now, that all our works
Are sinful and impure;
And if our souls are not renew'd,
We're lost for evermore.

O, cloath us with thy righteousness,
And cleanse us from our sin;
And may we live to thee on earth,
And glorify thy name.

HYMN XIV.

A Minister's Design.

O WOULD the Lord in mercy show,
I do not now a warfare go,
In my own strength, or might;
Make known I trust in thy dear name,
And help me boldly to proclaim,
Free grace, with Christ in sight.

Help me to stand 'gainst fiends and men,
And all their rage for to disdain,
And humbly to submit
To all thy sov'reign pleasure, Lord;
And may I view the great reward,
With earth beneath my feet.

May I not fear the worldling's frown,
And while I on their good look down,
May I above them rise;
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state,
And all that they call good and great,
Help me for to despise.

O, God, may all my life proclaim
How bless'd are those that love the Lamb,
And nothing can them harm;
For they are wash'd in Jeus's blood,
And Christ makes all things work for good,
By his Almighty arm.

HYMN XV.

Election.

FATHER, I will, said Christ,
That those whom thou did'st give;
For whom I died and rose again,
That they may ever live.

And Christ we know did pray,
According to thy mind,
For thou before all time began,
Determin'd to prove kind.

Before the world was made,
Jehovah did select,
A part of Adam's helpless race,
And they are call'd elect.

These souls were gave to him,
To be redeem'd from sin;
And by the Holy Ghost they're brought
For to believe in him.

And can a soul be lost,
For whom the Saviour died;
No, they shall conquer earth and hell,
And meet soon by his side.

The Lord would sooner much,
Strike all creation dead,
Than that a soul should e'er be lost,
For whom the Saviour bled.

This doctrine now regard,
In spite of Earth or Hell;
Make known the sov'reign power of Christ,
Who ruleth all things well.

HYMN XVI.

THY words shall ever stand,
Let men say what they will;
And all thy chosen sheep shall stand
One day on Sion's hill,

The weakest saint on Earth
Shall not be left behind;
For Christ in glory could not stay,
If Satan should confine.

One chosen sheep in Hell,
For whom the Saviour bled;
No, they shall all be sav'd by grace,
And things shall work for good.

The Sacred Volume says,
That thou wilt satisfy
Those humble souls that to thee look,
And for thy mercy cry.

Regard our humble pray'r,
Which we address to thee;
And help us now to put our trust
In Calv'ry's bleeding tree.

HYMN XVII.

THOU art exalted high,
Repentance to impart;
In mercy Lord do thou look down,
And give an humble heart.

By nature I'm averse
To ev'ry thing that's good;
My heart's deceitful and deprav'd,
And loves the downward road.

But now bestow, dear Lord,
On me a good desire;
Make bare thine arm, Almighty God,
And save me from Hell fire.

If one good thought alone,
Would raise me to thy throne;
I must eternally sink down,
For evermore undone.

But in the Sacred Page,
I read that thou didst love
The people whom thou didst foreknow,
With an unchanging love.

Give me to know I pray,
That thou didst think on me,
By bringing me for to behold
My Lord on Calvary.

HYMN XVIII.

God's House.

HOW awful is the place
Where my Redeemer dwells;
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And his blest grace reveals.

There his bless'd saints appear,
And bow before his throne;
And join to praise thy holy name,
For what thy love has done.

The courts which we behold,
To which the great resort,
Are nothing to the meanest place
Where Jesus keeps his court.

There on a golden throne
The humble Saviour reigns,
To hear the humble cry of all
That groan beneath their chains.

Dear Lord, when we appear
In thy blest courts below;
Display to us thy goodness Lord,
And may we forward go.

HYMN XIX.

Luke xxii. 57.

AND is the strong and mighty slain,
Then help me to beware;
And may I stand upon my guard,
And cleave to thee by pray'r.

The firmest purpose will prove vain,
And all that we can do;
Unless the Lord his grace confirm,
We never shall prove true.

For Satan hates those souls that cry
To be redeem'd from sin;
He lays his snares, and always strives
To draw, or keep them in.

But Jesus ever, ever lives
To intercede above;
And he will blast all Satan's plans,
And we shall live and love.

O, thou who heard poor Peter's pray'r,
And rais'd him from his fall;
If I should sin as Peter did,
With Peter may I call.

Help me to watch, and ever pray,
My feeble efforts aid;
And may I fight the fight of faith,
And never be afraid.

HYMN XX.

THOU Lord art good, and gracious still,
Then hear my humble cry;
And send salvation to my soul,
Or I shall faint and die.

Guilty I come before thy throne,
And fill'd with helpless grief;
O, for the sake of Christ, my Lord,
Do send me quick relief.

O, whither should a wretch like me,
Who seeks salvation run;
But unto him who was made sin,
And bids the weary come.

Thy precious blood, and righteousness,
Is a believers all;
Thy powerful arm can keep my soul,
And I shall never fall.

Long as this sinful world shall stand,
O let it ne'er be said,
There perish'd one that did expect
The loving Saviour's aid.

But sav'd by grace we'll loudly sing,
In the bright realms above;
And with the shining host we'll join,
To praise a God of love.

HYMN XXI.

HOW dreadful is the state of those
Who die unchang'd by grace;
For in that state they must appear,
Before Jehovah's face.

Into a world unknown to man,
Before the God of Heaven:
With all his sins upon his soul,
Uncleans'd, and unforgiven.

In trembling orbs, his eye-balls roll,
As he to God draws near;
When he beholds the Deity,
He sinks into despair.

Down to the régions of the damn'd,
They're hurl'd immediately,
And in that fi'ry lake he lays,
To all eternity.

HYMN XXII.

REFLECT, thou sinner, now I pray,
Upon thy fallen state;
For Christ while in this vale of tears,
Over poor souls did weep.

He is the Sov'reign of all worlds,
Then fall before his feet;
For sure the cause it must be great,
Which made him for to weep.

O canst thou hear him to lament,
From sin I would thee keep.
And harden thy deceitful heart,
And cause him for to weep.

The hen doth not so love her young,
Nor strive the same to keep;
My love to sinners is so strong,
Constrains me for to weep.

HYMN XXIII.

BEHOLD a wretch before thy throne,
Upon the brink of dark despair;
And in it I should now have been,
But thou in mercy heard my pray'r.

Lord save my soul is all my cry,
I will not cease until I die;
I'll now proceed with all my fears,
The God of Jacob heareth pray'r.

I do not now present my soul,
Because I've power to make it whole;
All thoughts of self I now disclaim,
And come with all my guilt and shame.

O chearful thought, thou canst subdue
My sinful soul, and make it new;
Thou canst my wretched heart repair,
The God of Jacob heareth prayer.

My pray'r is heard through thy rich grace,
I shall be brought to seek thy face;
And in the blissful world above,
Will sing thy bless'd redeeming love.

HYMN XXIV.

BELIEVING soul trust in thy God,
And thou shalt be kept fast;
His presence it shall be with thee,
And he will give thee rest.

Although afflicted and despis'd,
And very much oppress'd;
My spirit it shall be thy guard,
And I will give thee rest.

Through floods of water, flames of fire,
My love shall thee refresh;
For I will be with thee in time,
And after give thee rest.

Thousands of souls have been preserv'd,
And each was much oppress'd;
The world and sin did them oppose,
But Jesus gave them rest.

Jesus the Lord is still the same,
Lean thou upon his breast;
His pow'rful arm shall thee preserve,
And he will give thee rest.

HYMN XXV.

WHAT changing scenes we here behold,
While in the vale of tears;
At times we're hot, and then are cold,
And then distress'd with fears.

We like the eagles sore aloft,
Then in the valleys lie;
Again we do rejoice and sing,
And then we mourn and cry.

Our paths and frames do often change,
For this is not our home;
By faith we wait while here below,
'Till our Redeemer come.

O come, dear Lord, and set me free,
For I am much oppress'd;
The world and sin do me oppose,
Dear Jesus give me rest.

HYMN XXVI.

LORD save my soul is all my cry,
I know not what to do;
Stretch out thy dear Almighty arm,
Or I shall sink in woe.

I find no standing for my feet,
Upon this briny sea;
An emblem of this sinful world,
I therefore come to thee.

Lord save my soul is all my cry,
For I sink deeper still;
Grant me thy grace, and let me know,
The way to Sion's hill.

HYMN XXVII.

The Answer of Christ.

I AM the way, the truth, and life,
Look to my powerful hand;
I guard in life, preserve in death,
And bring thee safe to land.

Is that the voice of Christ, my Lord,
Then I will venture nigh;
For he can save my sinking soul,
And bring me to his joy.

His powerful grace has set me free,
For in him I believe;
And when grim death shall lay me low,
Thou wilt my soul receive.

HYMN XXVIII.

Composed at One o'Clock in the Morning, by Moon-light, on Sentry.

A REST for me, I know remains,
For I am chang'd by grace;
And in the realms of bliss above,
I shall behold thy face.

In this vain world, I'm so perplex'd,
I know not what to do;
There is no comfort to be found,
In this vain world below.

While on this stage, I'm call'd to fight,
Against the daring foe;
But Jesus Christ, our Captain bold,
Has said he'll bring me through.

He has stood by me heretofore,
And now is still the same;
And I shall be brought safe at last,
And freed from ev'ry pain.

O chearful thought, I soon shall be,
Beyond the reach of pain;
And sin, the worst of all my foes,
Shall not assail again.

Perfections height I then shall gain,
And be for ever free;
And in the bosom of my Lord,
Shall rest eternally.

HYMN XXIX.

At Parting.

THIS is the last time we expect,
To meet while here below;
Lord grant that we may meet above,
Where they no parting know.

And if we never more should meet,
While in this vale of tears;
May we by faith look up to Christ,
And not give way to fears.

May we not fear that tyrant Death,
Since Christ hath set us free;
And promis'd that where e'er I go,
To be along with me.

Farewel dear friends, for we must part,
A little while and then;
We all shall meet in Heav'n above,
Never to part again.

There we with Christ, in Paradise,
For evermoré shall dwell;
'Till then let's pray, both night and day,
So now, dear friends, farewel.

HYMN XXX.

ALAS! another day is gone,
And never will return;
Prepare me, Lord, for that great day,
When thou from Heav'n shall come.

Grant unto me restraining grace,
That I may never sin;
And may I from this moment, Lord,
A holy life begin.

May I this night stand on my guard,
And ever watch and pray;
And may I look for thee, my God,
More than the break of day.

And when I lay me down to rest,
Do thou be with me still;
Support me, Lord, in life and death,
And bring me to thy hill.

HYMN XXXI.

O THOU great Sov'reign of all worlds,
Whose presence fills all space;
Behold me on my bended knees,
Asking for thy rich grace.

I thank thee, Lord, for sparing me,
To see the sun arise;
Teach me, my God, to pray to thee,
And do thou hear my cries.

As the bless'd sun is mounting up,
His journey to pursue;
Assist me, Lord, that I may run,
With glory in my view.

O may I never, never sin,
But ever do thy will;
And strive to glorify thy name,
Who Heaven and Earth do fill.

Spare me this day, my sins forgive,
And grant to me thy peace;
And may I in thy favour die,
And sing recov'ring grace.

HYMN XXXII.

MAY all thy saints to thee look up,
Whose love is still the same;
No turns of Providence can quench
The ever-blessed flame.

Thy love is constant, firm, and true,
And never knows a change;
And those on whom thy love is fix'd,
Shall soon in Heaven range.

With all thy host they then will join,
To praise thy holy name;
And bow before thy holy throne,
And evermore proclaim.

The matchless love of Jesus Christ,
Who did their souls redeem;
And quicken'd them, when dead in sin,
And made them know his name.

Dear Lord in love do thou look down,
And save our souls from death;
And guide us through the wilderness,
'Till we resign our breath.

HYMN XXXIII.

O SEARCH and try me, gracious God,
Give me to know my sin;
O may I understand my state,
And know what is within.

O let that grace on me descend,
Which will embitter sin;
And if I never did repent,
O help me to begin.

Without thy grace I now am sure,
I nothing good can do;
Make known thy grace, thy love reveal,
And make my heart anew.

And while I dwell in this vain world,
O keep me, Lord, I pray;
O give me strength to persevere,
According to my day.

HYMN XXXIV.

ASSIST, dear Lord, assist,
Thy servant to proclaim;
The goodness of our gracious God,
And all his love make known.

Enlarge his heart, O Lord,
And fill his soul with love;
To those that do not know thy name,
And give him pow'r to prove:

That thou art with him still,
In spite of all his foes;
And may he now in thee rejoice,
Who will confound all those,

That do against him rise,
And strive for to condemn;
O grant him grace for to forgive,
And ever pray for them.

O grant to us thy grace,
And give us ears to hear;
And may thy blessing on us rest,
That we may know thy fear.

Deceitful is my heart,
And void of all that's good;
Thy name and temple I've profan'd,
And thought light on thy blood.

I justly might have been
This moment in the lake;
But as thou hast seen good to spare,
O save for Jesu's sake.

HYMN XXXVIII.

THE time is come, we now must part,
O may we go in peace;
And may we look to Jesus Christ,
And cry to him for grace.

The time is short, we soon shall rise
To Heaven, or sink in Hell;
But do thou bless us gracious God,
And then it shall be well.

It shall be well with you and I,
When we are dead and gone;
We shall arise above the sky,
To join the heav'nly throng.

HYMN XXXIX.

THY people all shall hear thy voice,
And all be taught of thee;
And they shall feel thy dying love,
Who groan'd upon the tree.

They shall experience peace while here,
And by thy matchless grace;
Shall bow before thy throne on earth,
And love to seek thy face.

Dear Lord, now condescend to teach,
Such worthless worms as we;
Give us to know our fallen state,
And save us now we pray.

We now acknowledge, gracious God,
All good must come from thee;
And as thou gave thy precious blood,
O think on Calvary.

That peace may we this moment fee
Which in thy chosen reigns;
And may we fight with Death and Hell,
And never fear the pains.

HYMN XL.

THE servants of the Lord must mind,
Their sov'reign to obey;
And when he calls they then must go,
However rough the way.

However hard to flesh and blood,
And loth they be to part;
Yet they must from each other go,
And give to God their heart.

O may we part under thy smile,
And bid us go in peace;
And may we glory in thy love,
And triumph in thy grace.

HYMN XLI.

O THOU who knows the state of all,
Now help me, Lord, on thee to call;
My crimes are not conceal'd from thee,
But to thy wounds I fain would flee.

But I am dark, confus'd, and blind,
The shepherd's fold I cannot find;
But point me to the living way,
And turn my darkness into day.

And then I'll run and loud proclaim,
The goodness of the Bleeding Lamb;
Uphold me, Lord, and guide me still,
And bring me unto Sion's hill.

Keep me, O keep me, all my days,
Sin never can advance thy praise;
And when I reach the plains above,
I'll loud proclaim thy boundless love.

HYMN XLII.

WHEN I read the sacred word
Of young Joseph I am told;
Who was tried by earth and Hell,
But through grace he conquer'd well.

How can I this sin commit,
As my master has thought fit;
All into my hands to give,
How can I expect to live.

When the world and Satan join,
And around my heart doth twine;
May I with young Joseph say,
How can I thus go astray.

May I cleave unto thy word,
Help me to stand stedfast, Lord;
Keep me, Lord, both night and day,
That I never go astray.

While I do with sinners dwell,
Keep me, and all will be well;
I shall seek thy blessed face,
And shall triumph through thy grace.

HYMN XLIII.

O, JESUS, let thy precious grace
Renew this heart of mine;
That grace which saves poor sinful souls,
For that is all divine.

Let precious grace now reach my heart,
And may I hate all sin;
And may I cleave to Jesus Christ,
And worship only him.

Thy precious grace hath thousands sav'd,
From Sin, from Death, and Hell;
And they have glorifi'd thy name,
And sung all things are well.

Let grace dry up the mourners tears,
And may we now rejoice;
In hope of dwelling in thy courts,
And sing with heart and voice.

While here we dwell, Lord, give us grace,
According to our day;
And we will sing of sov'reign grace,
'Till death shall set us free.

HYMN XLIV.

O, MY God, to thee I bow,
Thou art my salvation thou;
Now thy servant now command,
Lead me to the promis'd land.

Thou hast, Lord, deliver'd me,
And from bondage set me free;
Lead me through this wilderness,
Bring me to the realms of peace.

Give me pow'r to boldly fight,
Let not Satan me affright;
Crucify me with thy Son,
Let me tread the tempter down.

Lord in my behalf appear,
And dispel my ev'ry fear;
Give me, Lord, my foes to spy,
Help me now from sin to fly.

May my Captain be my guide,
And may I be near his side;
Then I shall be safe and well,
And shout victory over Hell.

HYMN XLV.

Crown him Lord of All.

LET ev'ry mortal now proclaim,
That dwells upon this ball;
The goodness of our gracious God,
And crown him Lord of All.

Let those that feel thy pow'rful grace,
Low at thy footstool fall;
And may they shout with one consent,
The crowned Lord of All.

When Satan does my soul assault,
Help me on thee to call;
And through thy grace we'll loudly sing,
The crowned Lord of All.

If I should not have one friend left,
All on this earthly ball;
Yet through thy grace I would rejoice,
And crown thee Lord of All.

When life declines, and death appears,
And earthly things shall fall;
May I that moment look to Christ,
And crown him Lord of All.

And in the glorious realms above,
With Angels we will fall,
Before the throne of Jesus Christ,
And crown him Lord of All.

HYMN XLVI.

On the Fall of Man.

HOW dreadful's the account
Jehovah gives of man;
From head to foot they're nought but wounds,
And all diseas'd within.

Sin like a fever reigns,
And fills the soul with death;
The sinner dreams that all is well,
And seeks for nought but earth.

Who is the Lord? he cries,
That I should him obey;
I will not bow to his command,
For I'll go my own way.

What profit will it be,
If I upon him call;
I know him not, I'll not obey,
Nor at his footstool fall.

Nothing but sov'reign grace,
The sinner's heart can move;
Dear Lord do thou upon us look,
And save us in thy love.

HYMN XLVII.

On Judgment.

THE awful hour will soon appear,
When I shall stand before thy bar,
To receive my righteous doom;
The Earth shall burn, and Heav'n will flee,
And all who die eternally,
With horror they must come.

They must and shall be made to stand,
With all their sin at Christ's left hand,
Who will in anger say;
Depart ye curs'd, I know you not,
In time help me to think of that,
Before I'm forc'd away.

By fiends into that dreadful place,
From which I know there's no release,
But in it I must lie;
Where Death does ever, ever reign,
And I must feel eternal pain,
And weep, and mourn, and cry.

O, Jesus, now my soul alarm,
Defend and keep me from all harm,
And save me now I pray;
For I am weak, to thee I cry,
Make known thy pow'r or I shall die,
And purge my guilt away.

HYMN XLVIII.

A View of Heaven.

O, for a view of Heav'n above,
To animate our strains;
Where the bright Angels now adorn,
And Jesus ever reigns.

Before thy throne they love to stand,
Or at thy footstool fall;
And worship him whom we adore,
And crown him Lord of All.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While hallelujahs rise;
From all the armies that now dwell
Above the upper skies.

He smiles, and Seraphs tune the lyre,
And Heav'n rebounds with praise;
And all the blissful company,
With holy rapture gaze.

Dear Saviour now to us appear,
And fit us for the place;
And may we while on Earth behold,
The glories of thy grace.

And when we shall from flesh be free,
May we before thee stand;
And then with all that are redeem'd,
We'll bow at thy right hand.

HYMN XLIX.

Luke xxii. 3.

PETER, the Saviour said,
Satan's a subtle foe;
He's laid his plans, and fix'd his charms,
Thy soul to overthrow.

He longs to get your soul
Into his iron sieve;
That he may quite destroy your faith,
Which now he sees you have.

But I have pray'd for thee,
O what a loving heart,
To pray for one that he well knew
Would act so base a part.

Thy faith shall never fail,
Let this thy soul support;
Though Sin and Satan thee oppose,
I will not give thee up.

Dear Saviour now uphold
Thy suff'ring servants hear;
And may they boldly fight for thee,
And never yield to fear.

HYMN L.

MY God, my God, regard my soul,
And bring me near thy feet;
And may I fall before thy face,
And worship at thy feet.

O shed abroad thy dying love,
And give me for to know,
That I, dear Lord, weak as I am,
Shall rise above my foe.

He as a roaring lion goes,
Seeking my soul to slay;
Dear Lord in love make bare thine arm,
And fight for me this day.

Regard, dear Lord, my earnest cry,
And dry my flowing tears;
And do thou give me joy and peace,
And banish slavish fears.

HYMN LI.

SOON I shall lay my body down,
In the cold grave below;
And then my spirit quick will fly,
To happiness or woe.

We often think that such will die,
Because they now complain;
But little think that they may make
One of our funeral train.

How oft we shrink from Death's cold hand,
And wish on Earth to live;
Because we fear those horrors that
Are known beyond the grave.

We have made known the death of some,
And trembled while we spoke;
Lest that dread moment should be near,
And we should feel the stroke.

Depending on thine arm, we cry,
Do thou our souls prepare;
For if unchang'd we're call'd to-day,
We sink into despair.

O change our souls for Jesu's sake,
The work is all divine;
And let us know thy pow'r to save,
And glory shall be thine.

HYMN LII.

O THOU who came from Heaven,
With the blest news of peace;
In mercy, Lord, do thou look down,
And grant to me thy grace,

Or I shall soon disown
The Friend which shed his blood;
To satisfy thy blessed law,
And bring me home to God.

Give grace, and then command,
And I will forward fly;
And execute thy bless'd commands,
And gladly for thee die.

Help me to bear thy cross,
And in the same rejoice;
And may I through thy sov'reign grace,
Praise God with heart and voice.

HYMN LIII.

REGARD my sorrow and distress,
And guard me through this wilderness,
That I may never fall;
And may I look beyond my grief,
And do thou send to me relief,
And may I ever call.

Thou Lord has sav'd poor sinful souls,
From all that ever did oppose,
And thou art still the same;
O would thou now in love appear,
And banish all my slavish fear,
And now my soul reclaim.

A pris'ner poor to thee I turn,
And make to thee my humble moan,
Who said that such was bless'd;
Turn now and pardon all my sin,
And give me now thy praise to sing,
Who art for ever bless'd.

Jesus thou art my only hope,
And unto thee my soul looks up,
Who art for ever nigh;
Out of my heart all sin remove,
And shed abroad thy dying love,
Or at thy feet I die.

HYMN LIV.

REST for poor weary souls like me,
Is joyful news to hear;
And do thou now in love look down,
And banish all my fear.

Thou Lord hast bid the weary come,
With all their sin to thee;
And thou hast promised to bless,
And set the weary free.

O would the Lord in mercy look
On sinful souls like me;
And may the Spirit now direct
My soul to Calv'ry's tree.

Thy blood, dear Jesus, has releas'd,
And set vile sinners free;
Unnumber'd millions thou hast sav'd,
Therefore remember me.

HYMN LV.

ADIEU, adieu, ye toys of Earth,
I now have found that good
Which has eclips'd your glories all,
For I have found my God.

What now are kings, or crowns, or things,
When once compar'd to thee;
Or could I say the world was mine,
Dear Lord what would that be.

The world will soon be burnt with fire,
And then whose shall it be;
But grant that while on it I dwell,
I may seek only thee.

If I have thee I may rejoice,
If all things else depart;
For I shall sing thy praise for joy,
When Death shall pierce my heart.

HYMN LVI.

HELP me, dear Lord, for to rely
On thee, when sorrows rise;
To thy bless'd throne may I draw near,
And there make known my cries.

To thee I now confess my sin,
Who canst the same remove;
And cleanse this heart from ev'ry stain,
And shed abroad thy love.

Work in me, Lord, to will and do,
In thee is all my trust;
For I can nothing do alone,
But cleave unto the dust.

Thy grace is ever, ever free,
Thine ear attends the pray'r
Of those that are distress'd with sin,
And bring their sorrows there.

HYMN LVII.

WE in thy temple meet,
To hear what thou wilt say;
Make known to us thy goodness Lord,
While we wait here this day.

Speak peace and pardon, Lord,
And may we now rejoice;
And join on earth to praise the Lamb,
And sing with heart and voice.

In high exalted strains,
We'll praise the heavenly King;
And when we've done on earth below,
We then shall loudly sing.

Around thy blessed throne,
With Angels we shall join;
To celebrate thy dying love,
And glory shall be thine.

HYMN LVIII.

BEHOLD, ye sons of men that dwell
Upon this sinful earth;
The favourites of Heaven in tears,
And sinners fill'd with mirth.

But shall this scene continue long,
Be patient then, O man;
For soon you will behold the end,
And then all will be plain.

For now in flames that man does groan,
That did in purple shine;
And wring his hands, and gnash his teeth,
And dread the thoughts of time.

But they that sow in tears below,
Upon a throne shall reign;
And shout the glories of their King,
For evermore, Amen.

HYMN LIX.

STAY, thou gracious Spirit, stay,
Though I have so gone astray;
Yet do thou in mercy spare,
And preserve me from despair.

Lord, to thee I humbly cry,
For without thy grace I die;
Come, dear Lord, in mercy come,
Make my heart thy constant home.

If to me thou canst be kind,
Now in love make known thy mind;
If thou canst such mercy shew,
Now in love give me to know,

That my sins are all forgiven,
And thou wilt me guide to Heaven;
But while I remain below,
Do thou, Lord, in love bestow,

Grace according to my day,
That I never more may stray;
But do thou conduct me still,
Bring me safe to Zion's Hill.

HYMN LX.

MAY the Heavens and Earth resound,
With the praises of the Lamb;
Man was lost, but now is found,
Heaven is gain'd, the vict'ry's won.

Hell's o'ercome by the slain Lamb,
And the saints shall soon obtain,
All the good for which he dy'd,
And shall soon be brought to reign,

In the realms of peace above,
Where with wonder they will love,
And adore the Lamb that bled,
And once suffer'd in their stead.

Help us to resound thy fame,
And thy goodness to proclaim;
While new songs our lips employ,
May our hearts be fill'd with joy.

May poor sinners hear the song,
And thy earthly temples throng;
And do thou repentance give,
And may they begin to live.

HYMN LXI.

The Power of Christ.

UP to Jesus all is given,
All in Earth, or Hell, or Heaven;
All before his throne shall fall,
For our Saviour's over all.

Men and Devils soon shall bow,
Low before thy glorious throne;
For thou art the Saviour thou,
And all things by thee are done.

Thou hast many captives freed,
And in Heaven their cause did plead;
Thou in love didst them embrace,
And reveal to them thy grace.

Help me on thee to depend,
And do thou my soul defend;
Keep me, Lord, be this my cry,
And conduct me till I die.

May I with my latest breath,
Shout my Saviour dy'd for me;
While I struggle with cold death,
May I view Mount Calvary.

HYMN LXII.

THOU art God and hearest pray'r,
And for thine elect doth care;
Yea, before all time began,
Thou didst give them to thy Son.

And in time thy Son was found,
In the fashion of a man;
All his body was one wound,
When he groan'd upon the ground.

Save us by thy mighty pow'r,
In the fi'ry trying hour;
Let not worldly men, we pray,
Draw us from our trust in thee.

Keep us, Lord, or we shall go,
And by sin shall join thy foe;
May we cleave to Ch[illegible] your head,
And be by our Cap[illegible]

Captive by his mighty pow'r,
And consign'd them for to dwell,
In the lake for evermore,
Which, by some, is called Hell.

Sing, ye ransom'd, and proclaim,
Christ, the Lamb, for you was slain;
Loud rehearse the glorious sound,
Send it all the Earth around.

Why should mortals fear to tell,
That they are redeem'd from Hell;
May they all transported cry,
Jesus lives and so shall I.

We a present blessing have,
We are ransom'd from the grave;
We with Jesus soon shall rise,
We shall reign above the skies.

HYMN LXVI.

LORD to thee my soul I lift,
For I know that ev'ry gift
Comes from thee, whose precious blood
Was once shed to do man good.

Grace and love are thine alone,
But my heart is like a stone;
I can neither think nor do,
Any thing that's good below.

If we feel the work begun,
We have cause for to expect,
That it shall be carri'd on,
And that we are the elect.

But may we not trust to that,
Without finding in our hearts,
That the Spirit and the blood,
They have brought us home to God.

Through our Jesus we receive,
Pow'r on earth to work and live;
On his name we love to call,
For we know he's Lord of All.

HYMN LXVII.

CHRIST descended from above,
To reveal his cov'nant love;
He alone the debt has paid,
And has full atonement made.

Light into the world is come,
For to lead the ransom'd home;
May it all the darkness chase,
And poor mourners seek thy face.

But I still in darkness sit,
Bring me forth out of the pit;
May I now behold the way,
Turn my darkness into day.

Now in love thy grace reveal,
All my wounds and sorrows heal;
May I feel thy blood apply'd,
And behold the crucifi'd.

HYMN LXVIII.

LORD thou art the sinner's friend,
That in love did once descend,
From the blessed realms of peace,
For to save thy own by grace.

Them thou di[illegible]st in love receive,
And for the[illegible] thou once did live,
A poor suff'ring life below,
And about this earth did go,

Up and down for to do good,
And at last didst give thy blood,
For to save them from the grave,
That they might for ever live.

HYMN LXIX.

WATCH'D by a sinful world,
And loaded with reproach;
O may I act as one of them,
And love thee very much.

Help me in thy bless'd paths,
With humble speed to move;
And give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fill me with thy love.

O strengthen me, dear Lord,
That I may still depart;
And evermore pursue thy will,
And humble be in heart.

May I be on my guard,
And silence ev'ry foe;
And may I know that they are bless'd
That do our Saviour know.

HYMN LXX.

COME, my soul, a while attend,
To thy Saviour and thy Friend;
Now give ear nnto his voice,
And in Jesus now rejoice.

For he knows his chosen sheep,
And will save them by his grace;
Though with him on earth they weep,
They shall soon behold his face.

He will feed them while below,
And in love prepare them too,
For to dwell at his right hand,
And obey his just command.

Lord, defend me now I pray,
Keep me, Lord, from day to day;
May I live, and learn, and prove,
That thou art a God of love.

Now in love thy grace reveal,
All my wounds and sorrows heal;
May I feel thy blood apply'd,
And behold the crucifi'd.

HYMN LXVIII.

LORD thou art the sinner's friend,
That in love did once descend,
From the blessed realms of peace,
For to save thy own by grace.

Them thou didst in love receive,
And for them thou once did live,
A poor suff'ring life below,
And about this earth did go,

Up and down for to do good,
And at last didst give thy blood,
For to save them from the grave,
That they might for ever live.

HYMN LXIX.

WATCH'D by a sinful world,
And loaded with reproach;
O may I act as one of them,
And love thee very much.

Help me in thy bless'd paths,
With humble speed to move;
And give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fill me with thy love.

O strengthen me, dear Lord,
That I may still depart;
And evermore pursue thy will,
And humble be in heart.

May I be on my guard,
And silence ev'ry foe;
And may I know that they are bless'd
That do our Saviour know.

HYMN LXX.

COME, my soul, a while attend,
To thy Saviour and thy Friend;
Now give ear nnto his voice,
And in Jesus now rejoice.

For he knows his chosen sheep,
And will save them by his grace;
Though with him on earth they weep,
They shall soon behold his face.

He will feed them while below,
And in love prepare them too,
For to dwell at his right hand,
And obey his just command.

Lord, defend me now I pray,
Keep me, Lord, from day to day;
May I live, and learn, and prove,
That thou art a God of love.

Lord in love thy word apply,
May I now triumphant cry,
Thou art Lord, and all is well,
May I hate sin, death, and Hell.

HYMN LXXI.

MAY we thy love proclaim,
Who gives us living bread;
And may we cleave unto thy Son,
Who is our living head.

May we this bread receive,
While we in time remain;
And may we glory in thy cross,
And count it all our gain.

And since that we are brought
To trust in thy dear name;
O give to us upon this Earth
Over our foes to reign.

And when we come to die,
May we depart in peace,
And sing through one eternal day,
The riches of thy grace.

HYMN LXXII.

HELP me thy name to magnify,
Who for a sinner lost did die;
And turn me, Lord, I humbly pray,
And save me now, in this my day.

I am unworthy of thy love,
For none have sinned more than I;
Thou justly might have frown'd above,
And caused me in the lake to lie.

But as thou hast seen good to spare,
Continue still to love, I pray;
Regard a sinner's cry from far,
And help me to go on my way.

Oh! build me up, and let me gain,
A place at thy right hand above;
For thou was once for sinners slain,
And still thou art a God of love.

HYMN LXXIII.

HOW shall I to thee draw near,
Who am polluted with my sin;
O help me, Lord, to come by prayer,
Confessing what I feel within.

And may thy Spirit in me work,
And show me my sad state below;
And may I flee and mourn my heart,
And after thee, my Lord, pursue.

Thou, Lord, has said thy people shall
One day be willing here below;
For thou canst wound, and thou canst heal,
And thou wilt bruise their ev'ry foe.

HYMN LXXIX.

I LOUDLY will proclaim
The gospel of my God,
When guilty sinners find repose
In Jesu's precious blood.

It is the pow'r of God,
And this I'll ever tell;
For nothing but Almighty pow'r
Could rescue me from Hell.

This blessed pow'r I've felt,
I know what it can do;
For it has made me hate all sin,
And love his gospel too.

Reveal this gospel, Lord,
To us while here we dwell;
And may it prove the pow'r of God,
And save our souls from Hell.

HYMN LXXX.

IF ye be Christ's your souls were lov'd
Before the world began;
And he will save you by his grace,
Who is the great I AM.

Ye that are Christ's need not to fear
What Earth and Hell can do;
For he hath said, and will perform,
That he will bring you through.

Ye that are Christ's may loudly sing
Of sov'reign grace and love;
For he who dy'd for you on earth,
Will raise you up above.

O can you for a moment think,
Who hate and flee from sin;
That Christ will leave the work he loves,
And cast your souls from him.

O, no, that never yet was known,
Nor never, never can;
For he must save all those whose names
Were in the heav'nly plan.

HYMN LXXXI.

THOU art the truth, thou art the way,
My sure and only light;
Help me to cast my all on thee,
For thou wilt guide aright.

Thou art my wisdom, and my guide,
My ever living friend;
O let me never leave thy side,
But on thy blood depend.

Look unto me is thy bless'd cry,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb;
May I rest in thy bleeding love,
And on thee ever hang.

O may I ever trust in thee,
And on thy love depend;
For thou wilt settle and confirm,
And love me to the end.

If I should ever stray from thee,
O let me feel thy rod;
Do thou in love complete the work,
And take me home to God.

HYMN LXXXII.

THOU only, Lord, art good,
All goodness flows from thee;
For in us dwells not one good thing,
But sin and misery.

It is thy bleeding love,
And rich o'erflowing grace:
That does our souls preserve from sin,
And helps us for to praise.

Thy chosen sheep shall meet
In the bright realms above;
Where they will bow at thy right hand,
And sing thy dying love.

With them may we be found,
When time shall be no more;
And may we pass o'er Jordan safe,
And find the blessed shore.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Luke xxxii. 9.

BUT Peter proudly said,
I fear not any pain;
I'll not deny, I'll sooner die,
Upon this sinful plain.

To prison and to death,
I'll gladly go with you;
And if they should your name deny,
I ever will prove true.

Peter thine heart regard,
Satan is very nigh;
Before the cock shall this night crow,
Thou wilt thy Lord deny.

But mark the dreadful night,
The Saviour was betray'd
Into the hands of cruel men,
And they the Lord did lead.

But how could Peter stand
To see his Lord so us'd;
He follow'd him a distance off,
But soon deny'd with oaths.

The Lord upon him look'd,
His heart was fill'd with woe;
And weeping pray'd to God for aid,
Help us to do so too.

HYMN LXXXIV.

DEAR Lord do thou on me bestow,
While in this sinful vale below;
O give me grace for to make known,
What thou for thine elect has done.

May I not fear the unholy throng,
Or tremble when I hear their tongue;
But may I all thy counsel tell,
In spite of Earth, in spite of Hell.

Should men like fiends exert their pow'r,
And strive my soul for to devour;
Gladly may I my life present,
And glory if for truth I'm sent.

From flames into the world of bliss,
O help me now to speak thy praise;
For what on earth to thee we give,
A hundred fold we shall receive.

HYMN LXXXV.

GREAT God thy secret now reveal
To me, which all thy chosen know;
O save me now from Death and Hell,
And may I fight with ev'ry foe.

May I not fear what does oppose,
But may I in the strength of God
Not tremble at my boldest foes,
For I shall conquer through thy blood.

Sin, Death, and Hell, cannot destroy
The life of any child of God;
For by their foes they all are try'd,
And they are made to own the rod.

Dear Lord conduct me while below,
And make me know and love thee too;
And guide me through this wilderness,
And bring me to the realms of peace.

HYMN LXXXVI.

COME ye that fear the Lord below,
And love his holy name;
Assist me now for to make known
The glories of the Lamb.

He is all glorious to behold,
And ever will remain;
For though this world does often change,
He ever is the same.

Foes may affright, and friends desert,
And all things they may change;
And men may evil speak of me,
Yet I through Christ shall range.

In that bright world of peace and love,
I shall for ever dwell;
And range the boundless plains above,
For I am sav'd from Hell.

HYMN LXXXVII.

FREE grace resounds through earth and skies,
And men and Devils hear;
Some men are fill'd with rage at that,
And others fill'd with fear.

But may thy preachers ever cry,
Free grace, free grace alone;
And may they trust in the bless'd Lamb,
That dwells upon the throne.

May they proceed in spite of Earth,
And ev'ry other foe;
And through the strength of Jesus Christ,
May they to conqu'ring go.

Up to the realms of peace and love,
Where Jesus ever reigns;
And may they bow before the throne,
And view the heav'nly plains.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

WHO are all those that round the throne,
Of our Immanuel bow?
They all through tribulation came,
When they did dwell below.

Therefore they stand before his throne,
And ever, ever shall;
And chaunt the songs of sov'reign grace,
That sav'd their souls from Hell.

See how Immanuel's glories rise,
Hark how his praise resounds;
Through all the heav'nly plains above,
And all the blissful grounds.

How will they swell their triumphs high,
When all th' elect attain;
To all their thrones in that bright world,
For ever more to reign.

HYMN LXXXIX.

HE that believeth not, said Christ,
Shall sink for evermore;
But he that now believes in me,
Shall evermore endure.

Preserve me, Lord, from unbelief,
That dreadful sin, I pray;
And may I now believe thy word,
And love for to obey.

I feel it, Lord, within my heart,
It rises ev'ry day;
And now without I am upheld,
Dear Lord I shall give way.

May I cleave close by secret pray'r
To thee my righteous God;
And may I trust in thee always,
Who bought me with thy blood.

O leave me not one moment, Lord,
But keep me night and day;
For Sin and Satan both unite,
To draw my heart astray.

HYMN XC.

BEHOLD, O God, I am oppress'd,
With sorrow, grief, and woe;
And do thou now my soul regard,
For I'll not let thee go.

If thou should send my soul to Hell,
And never mercy show;
Yet will I plead thy dying love,
And never let thee go.

Thou hast unnumber'd millions bless'd,
And they thy love did know;
And by this I'm encouraged,
And will not let thee go.

If thou to them did prove so kind,
While they were here below;
Thou art the same, and always will,
And I'll not let thee go.

My sins, I grant, are very great,
But thou in love canst show,
The boundless merits of thy Son,
Therefore thou shalt not go.

Until thou dost that blessing leave,
Which saves my soul from woe,
I evermore with thee will plead,
And never let thee go.

HYMN XCI.

O THOU Almighty King of Heav'n,
Whose goodness is for evermore,
Who hast poor sinful souls forgiven;
And for them open'd mercy's door;
Who did for thine elect atone,
And ever will defend thine own.

Lord I am weak, and cannot stand,
Unless I'm held by thy right hand;
Make known to me thy boundless pow'r,
And save me in this trying hour;
And let me now thy goodness see,
And know thou bled and groan'd for me.

When I am dark and dull within,
And feel the burden of my sin;
To Jesus may I always fly,
And save me Lord or I shall die:
O be to me a sure defence,
And let not Satan pluck me thence.

O leave me not one moment, Lord,
But keep me night and day;
For Sin and Satan both unite,
To draw my heart astray.

HYMN XC.

BEHOLD, O God, I am oppress'd,
With sorrow, grief, and woe;
And do thou now my soul regard,
For I'll not let thee go.

If thou should send my soul to Hell,
And never mercy show;
Yet will I plead thy dying love,
And never let thee go.

Thou hast unnumber'd millions bless'd,
And they thy love did know;
And by this I'm encouraged,
And will not let thee go.

If thou to them did prove so kind,
While they were here below;
Thou art the same, and always will,
And I'll not let thee go.

My sins, I grant, are very great,
But thou in love canst show,
The boundless merits of thy Son,
Therefore thou shalt not go.

Until thou dost that blessing leave,
Which saves my soul from woe,
I evermore with thee will plead,
And never let thee go.

HYMN XCI.

O THOU Almighty King of Heav'n,
Whose goodness is for evermore,
Who hast poor sinful souls forgiven;
And for them open'd mercy's door;
Who did for thine elect atone,
And ever will defend thine own.

Lord I am weak, and cannot stand,
Unless I'm held by thy right hand;
Make known to me thy boundless pow'r,
And save me in this trying hour;
And let me now thy goodness see,
And know thou bled and groan'd for me.

When I am dark and dull within,
And feel the burden of my sin;
To Jesus may I always fly,
And save me Lord or I shall die:
O be to me a sure defence,
And let not Satan pluck me thence;

And when I've done with time below,
O may I conquer my last foe;
And cheerfully with my last breath,
Look round and bid adieu to earth:
And as I pass, may I proclaim,
The goodness of the Bleeding Lamb.

HYMN XCII.

BE ready is the just command
Of our most gracious God;
O may we all attend his word,
Who bought us with his blood.

O may we ever waiting stand,
To hear what he will say;
O grant us grace, be this our cry,
That we may watch and pray.

May we be ever on our guard,
Whilst in this world we stay;
And help us frequently to think
On the great judgment day.

And when our blessed Lord shall come,
May we be waiting found;
Then we shall sing of sov'reign grace,
And make Heav'n's arch resound.

HYMN XCIII.

I LONG have wander'd from thy fold,
Though by thy servants I was told,
That I must sink eternally,
Unless by grace I was made free;
But all I heard was all in vain,
Until I knew that Christ was slain.

But when I saw my Saviour bleed,
And knew that I had done the deed,
Tears from mine eyes fell down amain,
Until that I was born again;
But when I felt his blood apply'd,
I knew that I was justified.

And can a fallen sinner know,
That he is sav'd while here below;
O can he feel a Saviour's blood,
And know that he is one with God;
Amaz'd we cry, yes, it can be,
For Jesus bled for such as we.

Ye that believe, aloud proclaim,
The love of Jesus, who was slain;
For pity drew him from above,
For to make known his boundless love;
Whose love's unchanging, full, and free,
Or it had never rescu'd me.

Jehovah is their shield,
And since the Lord can save;
Their enemies he will confound,
And they in love shall have,

All that will be for good,
While in this world they dwell;
For Christ will them protect and bless,
And they shall sing all's well.

HYMN CIII.

O THOU who died upon the tree,
For poor sinners such as me;
Let me feel thy prec'ous blood,
May I know thou art my God.

If my tears should ever flow,
They could not for sin atone;
But, dear Lord, give me to know,
That thou wilt me save alone.

Nothing, Lord, I wish to bring,
For to gain thy precious grace;
Naked, Lord, to Christ I cling,
Help me for to seek thy face:

May I know and feel thy love,
And be brought for to approve
Of thy bless'd design on Earth,
Let me know the second birth.

HYMN CIV.

HELP us, help us, for to sing
Of the greatness of our King;
Who did groan upon the tree,
That th' elect might be set free.

Mourners view your grac'ous God,
For he gave his precious blood
To redeem your souls from Hell,
And he'll give you pow'r to tell,

That your sins are wash'd away,
And that you are sav'd by him,
Who did once his grace display,
And your sinful souls redeem.

HYMN CV.

ELECTION is a truth,
Which none can contradict;
Who does believe the Sacred Word,
Though oft' at it they kick.

Before I formed thee,
I knew thee, saith the Lord;
And I ordain'd what comes to pass,
According to my word.

I work and none can let,
According to my will;
There's not a soul can stay my hand,
In Heav'n, nor Earth, nor Hell.

Help me for to proclaim,
With every breath I draw,
The pow'r of Jesus Christ
In saving from the law;
Thy gracious pow'r to them made known,
Who now believe in God's dear Son.

HYMN CIX.

Judgment.

THE Archangel soon shall come,
And call the dead to life,
Whilst thunders they shall roar,
And all creation strive;
The graves shall cleave, and earth resound,
And all shall rise from under ground.

Sinners shall now come forth,
With all their sin and guilt,
And then they all will feel
Such horrors they ne'er felt,
And ring their hands and gnash their teeth,
And Hell will fill their souls with grief.

Amidst the spiry flames,
They will be forc'd away
Into the burning lake,
To groan eternally;
To dwell with Satan, and all those
Who did the work of Christ oppose.

But they who feel his love,
And his commands obey,
Shall smile to see the world
On flames in that great day;
Without confusion, or dismay,
They shall behold the judgment day.

HYMN CX.

The Christian Soldier.

YE christian soldiers now awake,
The foe's at hand, therefore now take
Your arms, and ready be to fight,
And keep your Captain in your sight;
Now mark the path your Captain's gone,
And now rejoice for ye are one.

May we as soldiers act below,
And may we seek thy will to do;
Help us in holy paths to move,
And may we glory in thy love;
O grant that we may overcome,
And may we soon arrive at home.

Do thou in mercy bow thine ear,
And now attend my humble pray'r;
Come, dearest Lord, this moment come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
And may we never parted be,
But may I ever dwell with thee.

HYMN CXIV.

The Safety of a Christian.

A REST for thine elect remains,
Above this sinful world,
Where they will with the Angels join,
And praise with one accord.

Believers they have much to do,
And often are distress'd,
For sin and Satan tries them sore,
And strives to break their rest.

But when they reach the world above,
Their groans shall ever cease;
For sin nor Satan cannot go
Up to that holy place.

No midnight shade shall ever more
Becloud their blessed sun,
But they shall ever praise the Lord
In one eternal song.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest;
To that O help us to aspire,
While in this wilderness.

Conduct us, Lord, while here below,
'Till we that rest attain;
And may we bow with all thy host,
In yonder heav'nly plain.

HYMN CXV.

What must I do to be saved?

WHAT shall I do, dear Lord,
To 'scape the wrath to come?
My time on earth is very short,
And Hell I know's my doom.

Unless thou change my heart,
By thy Almighty grace;
And give me to repent of sin,
And seek thy blessed face.

What must I do, dear Lord?
Shall be my constant cry,
Until thou change my sinful heart,
And give me to draw nigh.

Thy blessed throne of grace,
Which all thy saints admire;
Give me to know thy dying love,
And feel the sacred fire.

Let thy salvation, Lord,
Be brought into my heart;
Dispel my doubts, my fears remove,
And bid me now depart

From ev'ry evil way,
And cleave to all that's good;
And may I, while on earth, enjoy
The sprinkling of thy blood.

HYMN CXVI.

COME O my God in all thy love,
Convert me by thy heav'nly grace,
Remove the love of Earth from me,
And make my heart thy dwelling place.

O fill me with thy love divine,
And set my captive spirit free;
And may I seek to do thy will,
And evermore delight in thee.

While in this sinful vale below
May I desire thy will to do;
May I delight myself in thee,
Who for me groan'd on Calvary.

O may I rise above the world,
And feel thy love within my breast;
O may I glow with sacred fire,
And in thy love for ever trust.

HYMN CXVII.

THOU art the sinners only friend,
Give me thy love to apprehend;
O may my faith on thee lay hold,
That I may be divinely bold.

O may I humble be in heart,
Lord help me always to depart
From ev'ry evil way on Earth,
And praise thy name with ev'ry breath.

Descend and bless me now I pray,
O give me, Lord, in this my day,
Strength to resist, and always stand,
O may I fight with sword in hand.

May I not fear that conquer'd foe,
But may I hope to conquer too;
And through thy prec'ous blood,
May I pursue my way to God.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Power and Glory of Christ.

UNTO thy pow'r all must submit,
And lay their honours at thy feet;
The rulers, and the ruled all,
That dwell upon this earthly ball,
Shall gladly bow, or bow by force,
For all things must submit of course.

Thou dwell'st in the bright realms above,
And Angels they adore thy name;
The shining hosts all feel thy love,
And all are fill'd with the pure flame;
Thy everlasting love they know,
And all desire the same to show.

Angels and saints thy goodness sing,
And all the glorious hosts around,
Strive to adore the King of Kings,
For all the goodness they have found;
Shall I not swell the sacred song,
And hope, 'ere long, to join the throng.

We having heard of this thy fame,
Likewise the goodness of the Lamb;
We hope, 'ere long, for to attain
A sight of Christ, the great I AM;
Who for us left the upper skies,
And dy'd, that we might win the prize.

HYMN CXIX.

A Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

NOW may the gospel trumpet sound,
And spread salvation all around;
Ye sons of men to it give ear,
And pray the Lord for to appear;
To bind our foe, that we may prove
The greatness of our Saviour's love.

May christian meekness now be known,
And may the world thy truth receive;
May mortals bow before thy throne,
And may they in thy Son believe:
O make the idols for to fall,
And may thy Son be All in All.

May swords be into plough-shares beat,
And may the great sit at thy feet;
The lion with the lamb sit down,
O turn from us thy angry frown;
And make the nations all as one
Agree to worship thee alone.

Thy church will sing free grace alone,
While monarchs bow before thy throne;
The sound will reach from Pole to Pole,
Like thunder it will ever roll;
O may that period quickly come,
When all shall sing with heart and tongue.

Until that time O may we cry,
O send it, Lord, before we die;
Our hearts' desire, regard, we pray,
And help us to go on our way;
And may that happy period come,
Which wafts its thousands to thy throne.

HYMN CXX.

The Mourner's Desire.

I WANT to know that thou art mine,
And feel that love which is divine;
Now may thy spirit work within,
And now remove my in-bred sin;
O condescend to take my heart,
And from all sin may I depart.

When shall I hear thy cheering voice,
Speak peace and pardon to my heart;
Impart to me those heav'nly joys,
O may I feel the blood dipp'd dart;
And then I'll praise thee, and adore,
And shout thy love for evermore.

Then shall we praise thy Holy Name,
In the bright realms above,
Who lov'd us in eternity,
With an unchanging love.

HYMN CXXIII.

The Christian Soldier.

INLISTED by the Prince of Peace,
Under his banner may I fight;
May I not long mankind to please,
But may I do the thing that's right:
May I be near my Captain's side,
And trust in him that will provide.

May I regard the just command,
Of my Commander while below;
Unto his word may I attend,
And evermore his will pursue:
Who once did bleed, and groan, and die,
For such a sinful worm as I.

The world, and sin, and Satan join,
For to oppose this soul of mine;
O help me now to urge my course,
For Heav'n we know does suffer force:
May I by faith this moment rise,
And ev'ry trouble now despise.

May his dear cross be still my theme,
And may I trust in his dear name;
Who suffer'd in my place and stead,
And now is risen as my head;
May I thy goodness now proclaim,
And put my trust in Jesu's name.

HYMN CXXIV.

At Parting.

SINCE our Commander gives command,
May we unto his will attend;
Cloath'd in his armour may we stand,
And go, for he is still our friend;
He cannot guide his people wrong,
Therefore he shall be all our song.

And as it is thy pleasure now,
Thy people they should part below;
May we be satisfied with it,
And do the thing which he thinks fit;
Where he commands, help us to go,
Thee may we mind while here below.

We now commit our souls to thee,
And though on Earth we parted be;
We hope, 'ere long, to meet again,
And join to praise the great I AM;
Above this world of sin and woe,
For saving us while here below.

Where Jesus leads we love to go,
And seek to do his will below;
O may thy Spirit be our guide,
O keep us near thy bleeding side;
'Ere long we shall his glory share,
Go on, my friends, we'll meet you there.

HYMN CXXV.

The Same.

SINCE we are call'd to part,
And from each other go,
May we be of one heart,
And evermore pursue
Thy blessed will, thy heav'nly mind,
And trust in thee, who will prove kind.

Thou didst appoint our lot
Before the wheels of time
Were into motion set;
Or 'ere thou drew the line,
That we should meet upon this Earth,
And praise thee for a living faith.

Then let us be resign'd
Unto our Maker's will;
And praise him while we part,
And do his pleasure still:
Content with what he shall provide,
O may we follow still our guide.

Our time will quickly end,
And pain and grief will fly,
And we shall meet again
Above the upper sky;
In that new world we then shall prove,
The goodness of a God of Love.

HYMN CXXVI.

The Same.

THEN let us say farewel,
And be resign'd to God;
And may we in thy love rejoice,
Through Jesu's prec'ous blood.

And if while here below,
We should not meet again;
May we in bliss behold thy face,
And with thee ever reign.

In yonder blissful world,
Whose glory none can tell,
Whose presence fills both Heav'n and Earth,
So now, dear friends, farewel.

FINIS.

INDEX.

A

	Page
Adieu, adieu, ye toys of Earth, c. m.	48
Alas! another day is gone, c. m.	28
And if the righteous scarcely be, c. m.	13
And is the strong and mighty slain, c. m.	19
A rest for me I know remains, c. m.	26
A rest for thine elect remains, c. m.	92
Assist, dear Lord, assist, s. m.	31
Awake our souls, dear Lord, s. m.	5

B

Behold a wretch before thy throne, l. m.	22
Behold, O God, I am oppress'd, c. m.	70
Behold ye sons of men that dwell, c. m.	50
Believing soul trust in thy God, c. m.	23
Be ready, is the just command, c. m.	76
But Peter proudly said, s. m.	69
By thy appointment, Lord, s. m.	32

C

Christ descended from above, sevens	57
Come O my God in all thy love, s. m.	94
Come, mourners, now I humbly pray, s. m.	91
Come, my soul, a while attend, sevens	59
Come ye that fear the Lord below, c. m.	71

D

Dear Lord do thou on me bestow, l. m.	70

INDEX.

	Page
E	
Election is a truth, s. m.	89
F	
Father I will said Christ, s, m.	15
Father of mercy hear, s. m.	62
Free grace resounds thro' earth & skies, c.m.	72
Fret not thyself, poor penitent, c. m.	9
G	
Gracious God regard my cry, sevens	55
Great God thy secret now reveal, l. m.	70
H	
Hark! the dear Redeemer rose, sevens	55
He lov'd his church, & gave his blood, c.m.	78
Help me, Jesus, for to tell, sevens	54
Help me, dear Lord, for to rely, sevens	48
Help me thy name to magnify, sevens	60
Help us, help us for to sing, sevens	85
He that believeth not, saith Christ, c. m.	73
How awful is the place, s. m.	19
How awful is the state, s. m.	6
How bless'd are those that do believe, l. m.	63
How dreadful is the state of those, c. m.	21
How dreadful's the account, s. m.	40
How glorious is thy sov'reign grace, c. m.	90
How happy is that man, s. m.	83
How shall I to thee, Lord, draw near, s. m.	61
How weak & vain's the thoughts of men, c.m.	11
I	
I am the way, the truth, and life, c. m.	25
If ye be Christs your souls were lov'd, c. m.	86
I long have wander'd from thy fold, l. m.	77

INDEX.

	Page
I loudly will proclaim, s. m.	66
Inlisted by the Prince of Peace, l. m.	100
I want to know that thou art mine, l. m.	97
J	
Jesus is a mighty King, sevens	82
L	
Lord save my soul is all my cry, c. m.	25
Let ev'ry mortal now proclaim, c. m.	39
Lord to thee my soul I lift, sevens	56
Lord thou art the sinner's friend, sevens	58
Let unchang'd men their goodness boast, s. m.	62
M	
Man, sinful man is like the grass, c. m.	81
Make known, ye saints, the pow'r of Christ	7
My God, my God, regard my soul, c. m.	44
May the Heavens and Earth resound, sevens	51
May we thy love proclaim, s. m.	60
May all thy saints to thee look up, c. m.	29
N	
Now may the gospel trumpet sound, l. m.	16
O	
O thou Almighty King of Heav'n, l. m.	73
O praise the Lord, ye saints below, c. m.	78
O thou who dy'd upon the tree, sevens	80
O Jesus, [illegible] precious grace, c. m.	37
O Jesus look upon us now, p. m.	3
O my God to thee I bow, sevens	38
O for a view of Heav'n above, c. m.	42
O would the Lord in mercy show, p. m.	14
O thou great sov'reign of all worlds, c. m.	28
O search and try me, gracious God, c. m.	30

	Page
O thou who knows the state of all, l. m.	36
O thou who came from Heaven, sevens	45
O Jesus make known thy goodness to them	64
Our Father whose all-righteous will, c. m.	86
O do thou condescend, s. m.	87
Our Jesus all is given, sevens	52
P	
Peter, the Saviour said, s. m.	43
R	
Rest for poor weary souls like me, c. m.	47
Regard my sorrow and distress, p. m.	46
Reflect, thou sinner, now I pray, c. m.	22
S	
Since we are called to part, s. m.	102
Since our Commander gives command, l. m.	101
Soon I shall lay my body down, c. m.	44
Stay, thou gracious spirit, stay, sevens	50
Some boast of their good heart, s. m.	32
T	
The little flock are safe, s. m.	71
The Lord is now become, s. m.	80
The great decree is pass'd, s. m.	80
The awful hour will soon appear, p. m.	42
Things seem at times to move against, c. m.	4
Thou art God and hearest pray'r, sevens	53
Thou art the truth, thou art the way, c. m.	67
Thou only Lord art good, s. m.	63
Thou seest all my grief and pain, c. m.	8
Thy name great God is all my trust, c. m.	9
Thy righteousness can justify, c. m.	12
Thy word shall ever stand, c. m.	16
Thou Lord art good and gracious still, c. m.	20

INDEX.

Page

This is the last time we expect, c. m. 27
Thy pow'r, great God, men can't withstand, p. m. 32
The time is come, we now must part, c. m. 34
Thy people all shall hear thy voice, c. m. 34
The servants of the Lord must mind, c. m. 35
Thou hast promised to guide, sevens 83
The Archangel soon shall come 88
Thou art the sinner's only friend, s. m. 94
The hour is fix'd that man must die, c. m. 99
Then let us say, farewel, s. m. 103
Thou art exalted high, s. m. 17

V

Vain man do thou forbear to boast, s. m. 98

U

Unclean, O Lord, I am, s. m. 6
Unto thy pow'r all must submit, l. m. 85

W

Who are all those that round thy throne, c. m. 72
What sinful thoughts & passions Lord, c. m. 10
What changing scenes we here behold, c. m. 24
When I read the Sacred Word, sevens 36
We in thy temple meet, s. m. 42
Watch o'er a sinful world, s. m. 50
When here two or three meet with one accord, p. m. 65
When, O my God, when shall it be, l. m. 90
What shall I do, dear Lord, s. m. 12

Y

Ye that know the love of God, sevens 81
Ye christian soldiers now awake, l. m. 52

18 OC 62

Page, Printer, Black Friars Road.